

# THE OHIO ORGAN, OF THE TEMPERANCE REFORM.

ETERNAL HOSTILITY TO THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

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From the Meteor.  
**NATURE.**  
The sculptor's hand may mould with skill  
The form where beauty dwells, but can  
it yield  
The living light which warms the spirit's  
shrine?  
Can painting's richest hues portray the  
glow,  
That Sol's departing radiance sheds around,  
When mingling with the streamlet's mur-  
muring flow,  
It forms a fairy lake, whose golden gleam  
Is brighter far than poet's dream?

No! Nature, no, thy God to thee hath given  
Surpassing beauty's bright, immortal  
dower,  
To cast o'er earth the sunset hues of heaven,  
And trace the footsteps of his mighty  
power.  
Sublime thou art, when in the winter's  
prime

Thy regal sway is held on Alpine heights;  
The glacier for thy more than royal throne,  
The glittering avalanche thy chosen home.  
And calmly beautiful thou art at eve,  
When sinks the sun beneath the western  
sea,  
While through the dark old forest's green  
arcades,  
Soft melodies are breathed in praise of  
thee;

And ocean's broad expanse is covered o'er  
With tints wrought from the golden  
clouds of even;  
While e'en the works of art are clothed with  
glow  
Drawn from the gentle beauty of thy face.  
But if the soul exults in danger's hour,  
Then there is joy to climb the mountain  
cliff,  
And on its top to pluck the mountain  
flower,  
To watch thy form amid the tempest's  
gloom,  
And when the storm-cloud bursts its gather-  
ing rage,  
To mark the lightning give its fearful  
doom.

As vivid flash on flash darts from the sky,  
While through the air the muttering thun-  
ders fly.

But nature's teachings pure are stamped on  
every hill,  
In every glen, and breath in notes of  
love,  
From ocean's wave and from each bubbling  
rill.  
Oh! would that all might heed those  
gentle tones,  
And read the symbol of their Maker King,  
Then might our fallen race press on, and  
reach  
The realm where mortal foot hath never  
trod,  
But where immortal souls behold their God.

LILLIAN.

**Mont Blanc.**  
Thou diest not, thou wastest not, Mont  
Blanc!  
Sun-proof the glacier-shield along thy flank,  
The arrowy avalanche thy quiver yields,  
Exhaustless snows to deluge flowery fields;  
The bird of Jove still makes thy mandates  
known,  
To life-guard pyramids that guard thy  
throne;  
Thy cliffs like a-built castles skyward  
climb  
Thy topmost pinnacle—as heaven sublime.

**Comendram.**  
Why are Post Office Clerks like Pauper  
Emigrants?

Because they take lots of S(o)up-per  
Tickets.

One of "Uncle Sam's" noblest nephews  
lost a can of oysters a few nights ago, and  
found in its place a little green ticket. Ah!

**Epitaph on a Scolding Wife.**  
Here lies my wife, poor Molly! let her lie;  
She finds repose at last—and so do I.

How was it that the oldest man that ever  
lived, died before his father?

## THE BRIDAL WINE CUP.

'Pledge with wine—pledge with  
wine,' cried the young and thought-  
less Harvey Wood; 'pledge with wine,'  
ran through the brilliant crowd.

The beautiful bride grew pale—  
the decisive hour had come. She  
pressed her white hands together, and  
the leaves of the bridal wreath trem-  
bled on her pure brow; her breath  
came quicker, her heart beat wilder.

'Yes, Marion, lay aside your scrup-  
les for this once,' said the Judge, in  
a low tone, going towards his daugh-  
ter, 'the company expect it. Do not  
so seriously infringe upon the rules of  
etiquette; in your own home act as  
you please; but in mine, for this once  
please me.'

Every eye was turned towards the  
bridal pair. Marion's principles were  
well known. Henry had been a con-  
vivialist, but of late his friends noticed  
the change in his manners; the differ-  
ence in his habits—and to night they  
watched him to see, as they sneeringly  
said, if he was tied down to a woman's  
opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming beaker, they  
held it with tempting smiles toward  
Marion. She was very pale, though  
more composed; and her hand shook  
not, as smiling back, she gracefully  
accepted the crystal tempter, and  
raised it to her lips. But scarcely  
had she done so, when every hand  
was arrested by her piercing exclaima-  
tion of 'oh! how terrible!'

'What is it?' cried one and all,  
thronging together, for she had slowly  
carried the glass at arms length, and  
was fixed regarding it as though it  
were some hideous object.

'Wait,' she answered, while an in-  
spired light shone from her dark eyes,  
'wait, and I shall tell you. I see,' she  
added slowly, pointing one jeweled  
finger at the sparkling ruby liquid—  
'a sight that beggars all description;  
and yet listen—I will paint it for you  
if I can. It is a lonely spot; tall  
mountains crowned with verdure rise  
in awful sublimity around; a river  
runs through, and bright flowers grow  
to the water's edge. There is a thick  
warm mist, that the sun seeks vainly  
to pierce. Trees, lofty and beauti-  
ful, wave to the airy motion of the  
birds; but there—a group of Indians  
gather; they sit to and fro with some-  
thing like sorrow upon their dark  
brows. And in their midst lies a  
manly form—but his cheek how  
deathly, his eye wild with the fitful  
fire of fever. One friend stands be-  
side him—nay, I should say kneels;  
for see he is pillowing that poor head  
upon his breast.

'Genius in ruins—oh! the high,  
holy looking brow! why should death  
mark it, and he so young? Look how  
he throws back the damp curls! see  
him clasp his hands! hear his thrilling  
shrieks for life! mark how he clutches  
at the form of his companion, implor-  
ing to be saved. Oh! hear him call  
piteously his father's name—see him  
twine his fingers together as he shrieks  
for his sister—his only sister—the  
twin of his soul—weeping for him in  
his native distant land.

'See!' she exclaimed, while the brid-  
al party shrank back, the untasted  
wine trembling in their faltering grasp,  
and the Judge fell, overpowered, upon  
his seat—'see! his arms are lifted to  
heaven—he prays; how wildly, for  
mercy! hot fever rushes through his  
veins. The friend beside him is weep-  
ing; awe-stricken, the dark men move  
silently away, and leave the living  
and the dying together.'

There was a hush in that princely  
parlor, broken only by what seemed  
a smothered sob from some manly  
bosom. The bride stood yet upright,  
with quivering lip, and tears stealing  
to the outward edge of her lashes.—  
Her beautiful arm had lost its tension,  
and the glass, with its little troubled  
red waves, came slowly towards the  
range of her vision. She spoke again;  
every lip was mute. Her voice was  
low, faint, yet awfully distinct; she  
still fixed her sorrowful glance upon  
the wine-cup.

'It is evening now; the great white  
moon is coming up, and his beams lay  
gently on his forehead. He moves  
not; his eyes are set in their sockets;  
dim are their piercing glances; in vain  
his friend whispers the name of his  
father and sister—death is there.  
Death—and no soft hand, no gentle  
voice to bless and soothe him. His  
head sinks back; one convulsive shud-  
der! he is dead!'

A groan ran through the assembly,  
so vivid was her description, so un-  
earthly her look, so inspired her man-  
ner, that what she described seemed  
actually to have taken place then and  
there. They noticed also that the  
bridegroom hid his face in his hands  
and was weeping.

'Dead!' she repeated again, her lips  
quivering faster and faster, and her  
voice more and more broken; 'and  
there they scoop him a grave, and  
there, without a shroud, they lay him  
down in that damp, reeking earth! The  
only son of a proud father, the only  
idolized brother of a fond sister. And  
he sleeps to-day in that distant coun-  
try, with no stone to mark the spot.  
There he lies—my father's son—my  
own twin brother!—a victim to this  
deadly poison. Father,' she exclaim-  
ed, turning suddenly, while the tears  
rained down her beautiful cheeks,  
'father, shall I drink it now?'

The form of the old Judge was con-  
vulsed with agony. He raised not  
his head, but in a smothered voice he  
faltered—'No, no, my child, in God's  
name—no.'

She lifted the glittering goblet, and  
letting it suddenly fall to the floor, was  
dashed in a thousand pieces. Many  
a tearful eye watched her movements,  
and instantaneously every wine-glass  
was transferred to the marble table  
on which it had been prepared.—  
Then as she looked at the fragments  
of crystal, she turned to the com-  
pany saying, 'let no friend hereafter,  
who loves me, tempt me to "peril" my  
soul for wine. Not firmer are the  
everlasting hills than my resolve, God  
helping me, never to touch or taste  
that terrible poison. And he to whom  
I have given my hand—who watched

over my brother dying in that last  
solemn hour, and buried the dear  
wanderer there by the river in that  
land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me  
in that resolve. Will you not, my hus-  
band?'

His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet  
smile, was her answer. The Judge  
left the room, and when an hour after  
he returned, and with a more subdued  
manner took part in the entertainment  
of the bridal guests, no one could fail  
to read that he, too, had determined  
to banish the enemy at once and for-  
ever from his princely home.

Those who were present at that  
wedding can never forget the impres-  
sion so solemnly made. Many from  
that hour foreswore the social glass.—  
Boston Olive Branch.

## Extensive Printing Office.

The Boston Times, remarking on  
the magnitude of the operations in the  
New York Herald office, says: "The  
composing room of the New York  
Herald establishment is probably the  
largest on this continent. It is in the  
fifth story of the building, and has a  
front of one hundred feet on Fulton  
street, and seventy-five on Nassau.  
There are employed in it one fore-  
man-in-chief, a night editor, who is also a  
printer, an assistant foreman, with a  
deputy, four proof readers, a revisor,  
a corrector of revised proofs, a man  
whose duty it is to take the proofs,  
another who attends to standing ad-  
vertisements, two ship news composi-  
tors, a man who distributes types as  
occasions require, and clears away  
the pi, forty-four regular compositors,  
and two printer's devils. There are  
also, about twenty "substitutes," or  
chance men, whose services are at the  
disposal of the establishment in case  
of an emergency—the whole forming  
a total of eighty-one persons. It seems  
but yesterday that eight good composi-  
tors performed all the labor in that  
department of this now immense con-  
cern."

**THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.**—Our  
language is now spoken by seventy-  
five million of people, and it is exceed-  
ingly copious. Webster's Dictionary,  
the standard work, contains more than  
70,000 words. In our daily life busi-  
ness, we use only one sixth-part of  
them. There are only about 10,000  
in daily use by those who write and  
speak our language. To appreciate  
the flexible character of the English  
Language, we have but to read the  
works of Washington Irving and Car-  
lyle; the language of the two appear  
to be entirely different.

A young girl recently died of  
consumption at Mount Morris, N. Y.,  
and the family, under the belief that  
it would prevent other members of it  
dying of the same disease, as several  
had previously died, had the heart and  
liver taken from the body and burnt!

**AN ENCOURAGING FACT.**—There re-  
14 Protestant schools in Constantino-  
ple, and 26 Protestant sermons are  
preached in St. Peter that city every  
Sabbath.